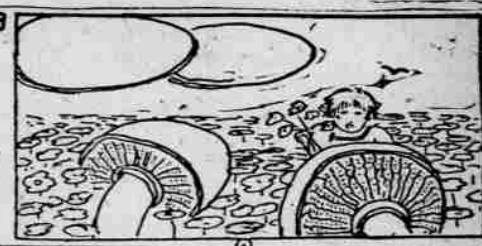




# For the YOUNG PEOPLE



## A Little Sense

HERE'S something about me," complained Jerry, "that Edward likes. I don't dare to be or there's no telling what he'd do, but if I step out of his sight he hollers like sixty and Mother makes me stay in the yard near his pen all the time."

"Pretty tough," sympathized his friend Jim. "Well, it won't be long now before he'll walk. See how steady he is on his feet?"

"Maybe!" replied Jerry. "But that won't make it so I can go with you fellows this afternoon. Mother said I wasn't to go out of his sight."

The three boys looked gloomily into the play-pen where Edward stood holding on to the side and staring at his brother, all ready to let out a yell at the first suspicious move.

"He's an awful nuisance," said Jerry. "My little brother walked long before he was a year and a half," said Curly Conrad. "This one doesn't look like he was all there."

"Got a kind of vacant stare," observed Jim.

"Maybe he's half-witted," said Jerry. "I hope not! But if he was clear in his head seems to me he wouldn't act this way. I haven't never done anything to attract him and we've got a girl who's crazy about him but he can't abide her. He wants me around. What's the good being here at the seashore on a vacation when all I do is sit here and suffer?"

Jim had been looking very thoughtful. Now he moved over to the baby and gazed into his eyes.

"I don't think he's cracked exactly," was the verdict. "He needs training. Take him out of that pen, Jerry."

Jerry lifted the untidy and portly little fellow out and stood him up in the grass.

"Now, Edward," said Jim firmly, "walk! Nobody is going to hold you and we're all going to the beach—Jerry too!"

Then he winked at his friends so they'd understand that they must pretend to walk off. They sauntered to



With A Cry He Started Up And Dashed Into The Water

the other end of the lawn, and then Jerry turned his head. He gave a sharp exclamation.

"Look! He's walking! Oh, boy! What'd you know about that!"

Sure enough! Edward had begun to strike out. He was following them, lifting his feet high at each step and watching the ground anxiously.

"There! I told you!" cried the triumphant Jim. "Come on! Take his hand and we'll beat it to the beach."

"But—" began Jerry.

rather surprised at sight of Edward, but made no protest, and his sisters, Eva and Mary, were delighted.

"Aw, how cunning!" cried Eva. "Help him in! He's going to be my baby."

Edward was hoisted into the boat, where he fell down and bumped his head, but didn't cry, because everything was so new and interesting he couldn't spare the time necessary for a good old-fashioned squall.

Jim bound a handkerchief around his head and hoisted a flag, saying he

made it all the more interesting. Up came another wave and washed all around the boat, leaving a dark trail on the hot sand as it ran back into the ocean.

"Gee!" exclaimed Jim. "I'm hungry. Let's gather some food."

He had seen the clams and sandhoppers scuttling about in the wake of the wave. Out of the boat tumbled the boys, followed by the two girls and then what a gay time they had, filling a bucket with all kinds of sea creatures!

### A Tale With A Moral

1. MOLLY AND POLLY HAND IN HAND WERE LITTLE TWINS FROM PAPERDOLL LAND IN NURSERY REALM, WHERE WITH SCISSORS AND GLUE, AND PAINTS AND BRUSHES, REIGNS GOOD QUEEN SUE.

2. MOLLY AND POLLY PROBABLY WOULD HAVE LIVED THEIR DAYS MOST QUIETLY IF A LITTLE ZYPHER UPON HIS WAY HADN'T HAPPENED IN ON THEM, ONE DAY.

3. "COME OUT WITH ME!" THE ZYPHER CRIED, "COME SEE THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD OUTSIDE, WHERE ARE GRASS AND FLOWERS, RIVERS AND TREES."

4. "SHALL WE GO?" SAID POLLY TO MOLLY. "I THINK WE SHOULD," NODDED MOLLY TO POLLY SO UP WITH THE ZYPHER THEY GLADLY FLEW STILL HAND IN HAND WHILE ZYPHER BLEW.

5. UP THEY WHIRLED—THEN O, DEARIE ME! THE ZYPHER FORGOT PROPRIETY! FOR LEAVING THE TWINS HE GAMBOLED AWAY.

6. DOWN THE TWINS DID FLUTTER AND FLOAT DOWN TO THE GARDEN WHERE NANNIE THE GOAT NIBBLING MID GRASSES AND BUTTERCUP AS A CHOICER MORSEL, ATE THEM UP!

7. "WITH BEASTIES AND BIRDS AND HONEY BEES!"

**MORAL:** SO CHILDREN DEAR, IF YOU'RE TEMPTED TO STRAY, BEFORE YOU GO ON YOUR FOOLISH WAY REMEMBER THIS TALE SO MELANCHOLY ABOUT THE MISFORTUNE OF MOLLY AND POLLY!

"Your mother said not to go out of his sight and you aren't going to," said Curly, taking one of the hands.

So Jerry took the other and they all moved slowly out of the yard and down the hot sleepy road to the beach. Edward gave a cry of delight.

"I bet he'll be a good sport when he once gets a little sense," remarked Jerry proudly.

A shout summoned them to the water's edge where a boat was beached. From the boat Danny Squire looked

was going to be a pirate, but Curly wanted to be on a submarine chaser and finally the rest decided in his favor. It wasn't long before they sighted a submarine and had to man the guns. It was an exciting moment for all, especially Edward, who sat chewing a bit of seaweed in the bottom of the boat.

Suddenly Jerry cried: "Oh, boy! The tides coming up! Look!"

Sure enough! A wave broke and glided up and touched the boat. This

"I bet this big old sandhopper could beat any other on the beach!" said Curly, holding a whopper in his hand.

"Bet he can't!" cried Dan. "Because I've got a bigger one."

They took the two up to the dry sand and put them down. Of course, they hustled for the dear old water. It was awfully funny to watch them, and Curly's won. The others then got "racers" and the game began in earnest.

In the midst of the fun, Jerry sud-

### FOR RENT

If you'd be a speculator In good property for rent, Post a sign, "These trees for birds"

Without payment of a cent— Just a song at morn and evening" And I'm sure you'll quickly learn

How a very small investment Can produce a big return. And add a line, quite legibly: "We hope the Wrens this sign will see."

denly heard a man shout: "Hey! Somebody's boat has drifted out!"

A horrible fear clutched his heart as he looked about him. Their boat was not where it had been on the beach. He looked out and saw it riding away on the breakers. He thought of Edward sitting in it alone being drifted off to parts unknown.

With a cry he darted up and dashed into the water. "Hey, there! What's that kid trying to do!" some one cried.

Into the surf the boy waded, then plunged down and struck out with all his might for the boat. It hadn't gone far but the waves were deep.

There was great excitement on the shore and two men plunged in after the brave little rescuer. Soon they had overhauled him and one of them caught hold of the drifting boat.

"My brother!" gasped Jerry, seizing the man by the shoulder. "Is he all right?"

"Oh, is that it?" exclaimed the man, and peered into the boat. "A kid, as sure as you live!" he cried. "Fast asleep too!"

"They helped Jerry inside and then towed the boat ashore.

"Gee," said the boy, "s'pose he'd been drowned. Guess I'd better hustle home."

They lifted the sleeping baby from the boat and set him down on the

sand. "Wake up!" cried his brother, shaking him. But he gave a couple of threatening yells and slept harder than ever.

"Come on, fellers," said Jerry, "you gotta help me carry him home."

They all agreed willingly and Jim and Curly made a stretcher out of sweaters and a couple of stout sticks. It was a long hot walk and Jerry was dry before they reached home. Into the play-pen they gently lifted Edward. Then he woke up and, scrambling to his feet, ran to the side and shook it, yelling and pointing down the road.

"No, no, Eddie," coaxed his brother, "won't you stay here with Jerry? You wouldn't go off and leave your old Jerry, would you?"

Edward shook his head violently, tried to hit his brother, stamped his feet, screamed and pointed at the road. Some one in the house hearing the awful commotion stuck her head out of the window.

"Now, Jerry," warned his mother. "Don't think of going off and leaving your little brother."

"I'm not," replied Jerry. "He wants to get out and leave me!"

Curly snickered and rubbing his two first fingers together, he taunted: "That kid's getting a little sense now!"

## CHARLIE CATERPILLAR

FROM our looks, no one would ever take him to be a kid, but this beautiful butterfly that floats so lazily about in the sunshine from flower to flower, and sips honey when she is hungry, is my sure-enough mother. Ours is one family, where the children do not always "take after their mother," that is, when they are babies. Now, it all came about in this way, the little white egg my mother glued, fast to a leaf, didn't hatch into a butterfly at all, but into a small pale caterpillar, with a very tender skin, and an enormous appetite. So as soon as I was out of the egg, I was that hungry that I turned around, and ate up the empty shell, and then I began gnawing on the leaf where I found myself. It tasted good, so I just kept on eating day and night, until in a few days I got too big for my skin, and I saw if something didn't happen—and happen quick, that I would certainly pop.

My skin began to split down the back, just like other children's night clothes open, and the first thing I knew I was able to crawl out of the old skin into one that was plenty big enough, and was room to spare.

But as I didn't do anything but eat, eat, eat, the new skin soon got too tight, and I had to change it for another of a larger size. After I had outgrown four or five suits of skin, my appetite began to fail, and green

leaves didn't taste good any more. By this time I had grown into a great big, fat, lazy caterpillar, with a whole lot of stumpy legs, and a long horn on my tail, but there was not a sign of wings, and how I was ever to be a butterfly, was beyond me. I had a tired feeling, and just wanted to lie around and do nothing. Somehow I had a feeling that something was going to happen, but what it was, I didn't know, and what was more—I didn't care.

Without hardly knowing what I was doing, I began to spin silk threads, around and around my body, until at length I was enclosed in a cute little silk case. When it was finished, and when I was as "snug as a bug in a rug," I got sleepy and snored, and first thing I knew, I didn't know anything, as I was fast asleep. Of course, I didn't realize what was going on, but I have found out since that a wonderful change was taking place, and that my caterpillar self was getting harder, and more like a real butterfly. My caterpillar feet shriveled up and disappeared, and slender butterfly legs began to take form. And if you will believe me, real wings were forming too, but they were shut up tight like a fan, so they wouldn't take up much room. About this time I waked up, and began to notice how different I was, and really I wouldn't have known my own self, for when I went to sleep,



You Would Never Take Her To Be My Mother, But She Is

know, like I wanted to burst things wide open, and go out somewhere. And as I pushed and pushed, all at once, I felt something give way right where my head was, and the silk shell split open—and I looked out. I

**SUMMER**

UPON the beach sit boys and girls With buckets close at hand, With which to build a mighty fort Or castle out of sand.

Sand tunnels under sand dunes run And many pies and cakes Of sand, with soft sand sugar on Wee lads and lassies make.

And there along the water side The happy children play Until a wave of rising tide Wipes all their fun away!

tugged and tugged, and at last freed myself, and there I was, in the bright warm sunshine, but mighty damp and uncomfortable, and my wings were all crumpled, and my legs so weak and wobbly that I could hardly stand. But as I stood there trembling, and wondering what it all could mean, my wings dried out, and unfolded little by little, until I had four of the most beautiful wings in all the world. I was so happy and proud that I didn't know what to do with myself, so I crawled a few steps, and just waited to see what would happen next. In a few minutes I felt stronger, and gave my wings a gentle flap to see if they were really and truly wings, and I found that the motion had lifted me clear off my feet, and before I knew it, I was floating about in the air—a regular butterfly.

I flew over where there were some beautiful things, that I afterwards learned were flowers, and as I was poking my tongue down in their dew cups, something sweet touched it, and I began to suck, and right then and there I had my first taste of honey. People talk about miracles, but if there was ever a more wonderful miracle than my going to sleep a caterpillar and waking up a butterfly, I don't know what it could be.

### TOYS AND USEFUL ARTICLES THAT A BOY CAN MAKE.

BY FRANK I. SOLAR

INSTRUCTOR, DEPT. OF MANUAL TRAINING, PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DETROIT.

### SMALL HOE AND RAKE.

1. MAKE ONE CUT CURVE TO SUIT.

2. MAKE ONE CUT ON FULL LINES AND BEND ON DOTTED LINES.

3. MAKE ONE CUT ON FULL LINES AND BEND ON DOTTED LINES.

4. MAKE ONE CUT ON FULL LINES AND BEND ON DOTTED LINES.

5. MAKE ONE CUT ON FULL LINES AND BEND ON DOTTED LINES.

6. MAKE ONE CUT ON FULL LINES AND BEND ON DOTTED LINES.

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19. MAKE ONE CUT ON FULL LINES AND BEND ON DOTTED LINES.

20. MAKE ONE CUT ON FULL LINES AND BEND ON DOTTED LINES.

THIS is just the time when little brother and sister like to play in the sand pile or in the garden under proper restrictions. The regular tools are much too large for them to use, so I am showing in the accompanying drawings some that will meet their needs.

Today I am showing a small hoe and rake. Next week the shovel will be given.

First the hoe. The handle should be made of round stock. Drill a hole in one end and the wire which is to be attached to the blade.

The directions call for a piece of wire three-sixteenths in diameter. That is not the exact size expression to use as a rule, but as it was not intended to cause any trouble looking for wire of a particular gauge, the size is given as noted. It should not be smaller than indicated, but may be slightly larger. The hole in the handle should be slightly smaller than the wire so that it may be turned into place and a tight fit assured.

Cut out the pattern for the blade according to the dimensions, making the curves to suit. Next flatten one end of the wire and bend to shape. The wire is to be fastened to the blade by soldering. To do so, it will be necessary to tin the flattened part of the wire and the place on the blade it is to rest against. Solder as usual.

The making of the rake will be the hardest part of the two tools.

The handle is not difficult, being very similar to the other handles, so no trouble will be met with here.

The pattern for the metal part of the rake, part E, is shown clearly. Lay out very carefully, then cut on the full lines and bend on the dotted

### The JUNIOR COOK STUFFED TOMATOES

Wash six fine ripe tomatoes and take out the tough stem end.

Put in the ice box and chill.

An hour before meal time, scoop out the inside of the tomato. Dice up the pulp and mix with:

- 1 diced onion.
- 1 diced pepper.
- 1 cupful mixed vegetables diced.

These may be string or wax beans, carrots, peas or any other vegetable that is on hand—cucumber too is fine.

Mix with ½ cupful cooked salad dressing or ¼ cupful French dressing.

With a spoon put the salad mixture back in the tomatoes. Put on the ice till ready to serve.

Arrange a bed of lettuce or, if preferred, one good sized, perfect leaf of

lettuce and place the stuffed tomato in the center of the leaf.

Serve at once with a salt or cheese wafer.

Cut out the pattern for the blade according to the dimensions, making the curves to suit. Next flatten one end of the wire and bend to shape. The wire is to be fastened to the blade by soldering. To do so, it will be necessary to tin the flattened part of the wire and the place on the blade it is to rest against. Solder as usual.

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Solution to Bird Cut-Out.

### PUZZLE CORNER

**SYNONYM POETS**

1. Add a sign of sorrow to humor and find an American poet.
2. Add a wharf to tremblings, and find an English poet.
3. Add an associate to lingering and find an American poet.
4. Add a measure of weight to a coin and find an English poet.
5. Add a low murmuring sound to an animal and find an English poet.
6. Add a meadow to an outer covering and find an English poet.

**CHARADE**

My first is a nickname.  
My second is an animal—half quadruped and half bird.  
My third is the name of a general in the War of 1812.  
My whole is bird.

**ANSWERS**

**SYNONYM POETS**—1. W(H)ITTIER. 2. SHAKESPEARE (Pier). 3. LONGFELLOW. 4. MIL(I)TON. 5. COWPER (Purr). 6. SHELLEY (Lea).

**CHARADE**—1. AL. 2. BAT. 3. ROSS. ALBATROSS.

### BIRD CUT-OUT

BY WALTER WELLMAN

Cut out along the dotted lines and then put the pieces together and see if you can form a bird.

